
THE FOOTLIGHT CLUB

Presents

THE ABSENCE OF A CELLO

A Comedy in Three Acts by Ira Wallace

This refreshingly literate comedy is concerned with the hilarious lengths gone to by a brilliant (but broke) scientist to land a much-needed job with a large corporation.

THE CAST

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|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Andrew Pilgrim | CHARLES WOLF |
| Celia Pilgrim | VIRGINIA ADAMS |
| Johanna Pilgrim | SUSAN ERVIN |
| Perry Littlewood | SHELDON YOUNG |
| Emma | MRS. LEROY J. MANN |
| Otis Clifton | PHILIP HUNT |

Marion Dellicoe

Mrs. John Foran

ACT ONE

Livingroom of the Pilgrim, New York Apartment, Late Sunday.

ACT TWO

The same, the next morning.

ACT THREE

The same, the next morning — Time — the present.

MANAGEMENT OF THE PLAY

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| <i>Director</i> | Miss Florence Freeman |
| <i>Production Manager</i> | Mrs. George C. G. Bloomberg, Mrs. Grace Barnard |
| <i>Set Design</i> | George C. G. Bloomberg |
| <i>Stage Manager</i> | Mrs. John L. Foynes |
| <i>Stage Decor</i> | Mrs. Thomas J. Higgins, Mrs. J. Martin Woodale, Miss Jane Bloomberg, Miss Holly Barnard |
| <i>Lighting and Sound</i> | Lynn Catt, Bruce Margeson |
| <i>Prompter</i> | Mrs. Louis H. Jacobs, Jr. |
| <i>Make-up</i> | Miss Mildred Adelson, Mrs. Arlene Hannigan |
| <i>Properties</i> | Mrs. Betsy Kelly, Jane Bloomberg, Holly Barnard |
| <i>Set Building and Striking</i> | Thomas J. Higgins Paul Anderson, Anthony Bernardo |
| <i>Who's Who</i> | Mrs. J. Martin Woodale |
| <i>Hostess for Buffet Supper</i> | Mrs. Thomas J. Higgins |

The club invites you to have refreshments in the Lower Hall following Act One. A bell will ring in the Lower Hall shortly before the end of the intermission.

HOSTESSES

Thursday — Mrs. Frank W. Holmes, Mrs. Malcolm C. Rees, Mrs. Margaret D. Mosher, Mrs. Pasquale J. Guarino
Friday — Miss Marie Mulkern, Miss Joyce O'Connor, Miss Alice Brennan, Mrs. Everett F. Penshorn
Saturday — Mrs. Justin Sweatt, Mrs. Wallace Clark, Mrs. David Ogg, Mrs. I. Damon Williams

USHERS

Thursday — Miss Terry Fitzgerald, Miss Barbara McDonough
Friday — Miss Paula Jacobs, Miss Linda Grey
Saturday — Miss Susan Foynes, Miss Andrea Ladoulas

AT THE DOOR

Thursday — Mr. Louis Jacobs
Friday — Mr. John G. Foynes
Saturday — Mr. George C. G. Bloomberg

THE ABSENCE OF A CELLO

Who's Who or Whom

A PILGRIM-age from Ivy to Industry, whose uncharted — and maybe unchartable — course moves from Dad to verse, is led in especially fancy footwork by Celia (GINNY ADAMS) and Andrew Pilgrim (CHARLIE WOLF), two not-so-very-old-pro-types with credits longer than your arm with both Footlights and other stagey boards; ably aided and abetted by Emma Littlewood (MAGGIE MANN) and Marion Jellicoe (JOAN FORAN) with credits for the other arm. Otis Clifton is played by PHIL HUNT (last seen, last play). SHELDON YOUNG of Chelsea plays Perry Littlewood, his first role at the Footlights, altho he has appeared with the Revere Curtain Time Players and the Phoenix Players of Boston. Which brings us to our new ingenue, SUSAN IRVIN, playing her first role at the Footlights with evangelical fervor (albeit she is the young wife of a young Harvard Divinity Student). Like Phil, Susan is a teacher. All this, and Heaven Help Her, directed by FLORENCE FREEMAN, author, playwright, and member of the Bar. JAN JACOBS, helpmeet to President Lou, is our prompt prompter.

Who's Where

We're letting GEORGE (Bloomberg) do it again . . . with *Tommy Higgins*, *Paul Anderson*, and *Anthony Bernardo* . . . all SET in their ways, with *Lynn Catt* and *Bruce Margeson* lighting up the nite. And the flowers that BLOOM(berg) in the spring also include *Florence*, our Production Manager, *Janie* (2nd gal in the B. pantheon) and her cousin, *Holly Barnard*, both involved with Props under *Betsy Kelly* and also with Decor under *Kay Higgins*. Stage Manager, *Franny Foynes*, and the assorted above are being assisted by those hardy perennial gal-Friday-types, *Brooksie* and *Alice Woodall*. *Mildred Adelson*, with assistant *Arlene Hannigan*, will see our actors promenade with latest in facade.

LISTEN

"You have to know who you are, how you got that way, and what you're going to do about it — not another damn thing."

We were arguing about the relationship of director and actor, and I was pushing the points that mere "sides" were not enough, that an actor should study and understand the play as a whole before attempting to understand his individual part.

"Look," he said, "Do you know how life is going to come out? Do you know the secret motives of everyone who affects you. For that matter do you even *know* everyone who affects you? Know yourself as a character and what you want to do as that character. Everything anyone else does in the play has to be as much of a surprise as it is in reality."

I couldn't help but think, when he said this, that in more than one play in which I participated, what I did or what some of my fellow players did came as a shocking surprise. I remember one play when during the course of first act exposition we found ourselves three pages from the final curtain. The excitement of wriggling out of that I shall never forget, nor shall I forget the time in "Born Yesterday" when, had it not been for the fact that Margaret Mann was *listening* to what I said, Marie Zinkevich would still be up in the bedroom and the second act would still be running.

That "listening" brings me back to the discussion — which was concluded by the director's saying "But, the most important thing is to listen. Anyone who listens can act."

I lost the argument, and was somewhat miffed at the time. But later I came to agree with him. The fun of acting for me has always been trying to *be* the character I was playing, and listening, as though heard for the first time, to what was said to me on stage — where an actor must have at least three simultaneous levels of experience — himself, himself as character, himself as technician. It is as the first that he must also listen to the audience, and respond in character as technician.

But the listening goes further — *into* the audience. Hey listen.

Ed. O'Callahan
